

DOWN AND OUT IN B+O IS...
GOOD FOR... GRAPHIC PORTRAYAL
OF... STREET LIFE. AMUSING.
— UPPERCRUST MONTHLY

MOBY'S WORK IS... CLEARLY... THE
BEST EFFORT... EVOKES... HAS THE
RIGHT.... CERTAINLY.
— DAILY VIBE

THIS.... BOOK... GOOD...
— INSOMNIA TODAY

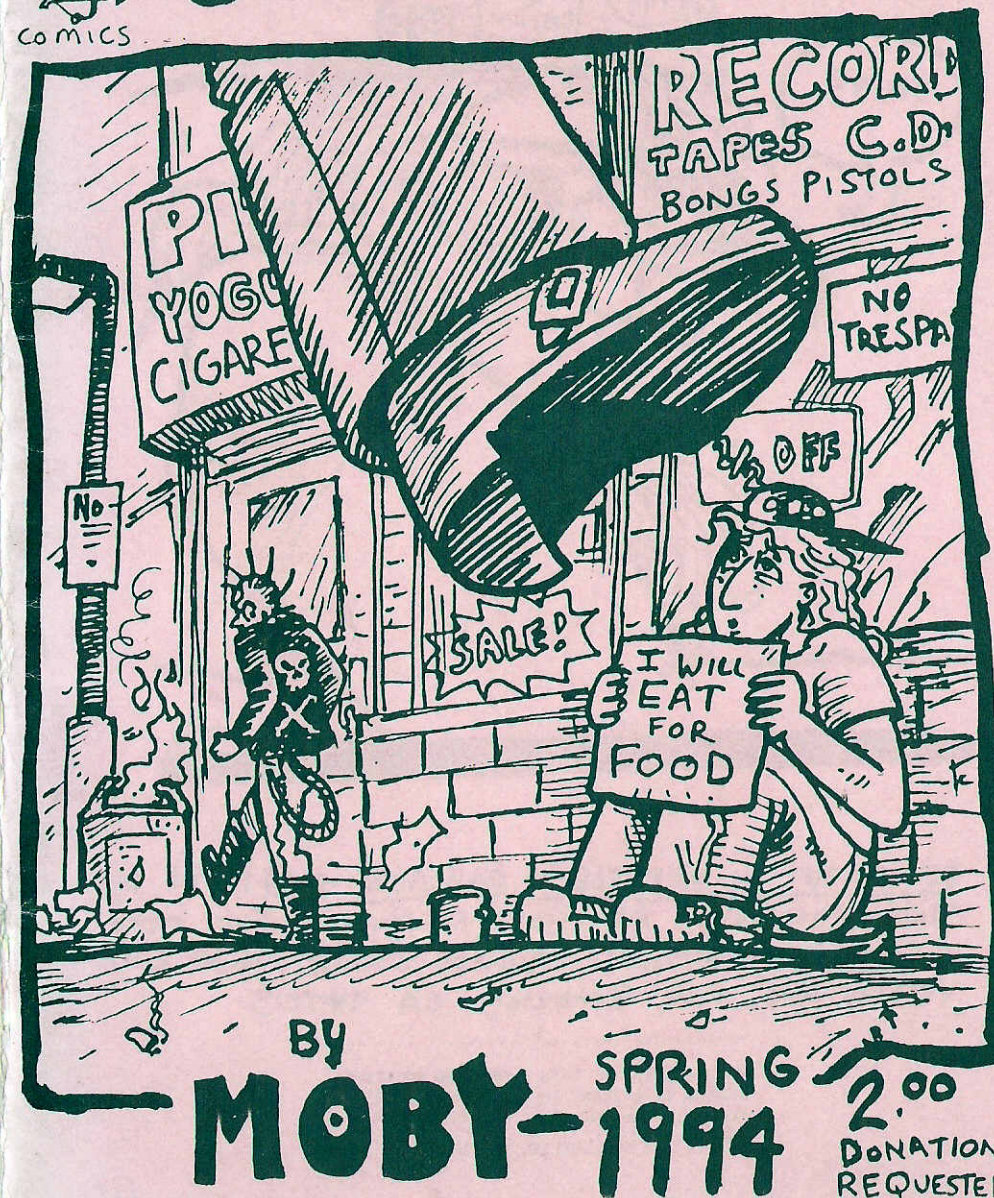
THE CRITICS AGREE—

DOWN AND OUT IN BERKELEY AND
OAKLAND IS A RUNAWAY HIT
WHO'S PARENTS AREN'T CONCERNED!
ANYONE FEELING ALIENATED
AND DRIVEN TO SQUEEZE THE
MILKLESS BREAST OF SOCIETY
WILL REFLECT ON HOW STUPID
THIS BOOK IS.

DOWN & OUT

IN BERKELEY AND
OAKLAND #1

Longbow
COMICS





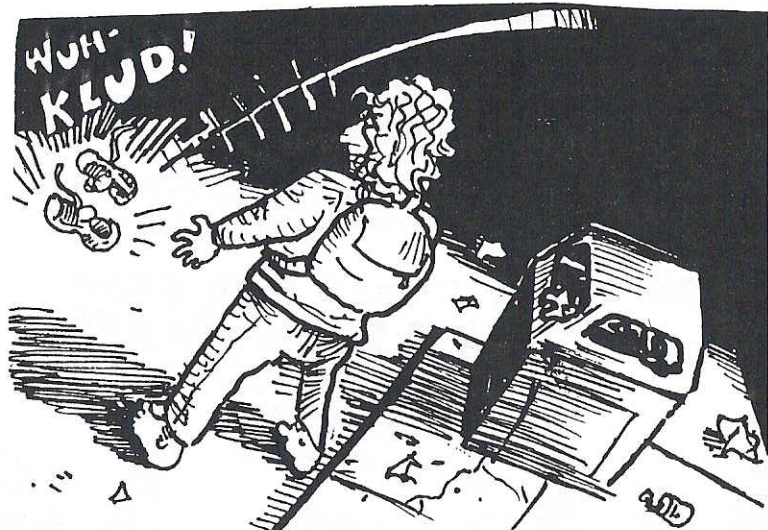
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 REPRODUCTION OF THIS BOOK MADE POSSIBLE
 THANKS TO A GRANT FROM THE PRESBYTERIAN
 COMMITTEE ON THE SELF-DEVELOPMENT OF
 PEOPLE, IN LOUISVILLE, KY, U.S.A.



ABOUT THE AUTHOR:

MOBY, AKA MIKE THEOBALD IS A 3RD GENERATION CALIFORNIAN AND L.A. REFUGEE. HE LIVES IN AND UNDER BERKELEY AND IN HIS SPARE TIME HE PLOTS WORLD CONQUEST. CURRENTLY HE'S LEARNING TO SAY 'NO'.



I NEVER LEARNED IF IT WAS RAY OR MEL WHO THREW MY SHOES FROM THE WINDOW OR WHY...

BUT I DO KNOW THIS MUCH...

BE IT RAY, MEL, OR GOD...

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME!



SOMEBODY UP THERE MUST HATE ME. I'D LOST MY MCJOB, BEEN EVICTED FROM MY FUNKY PAD, EXHAUSTED THE COURTESY OF EVERY FRIEND AND NOW FOUND MYSELF ALONE ON THE STREETS OF B-TOWN SANS DUCKETS.

SO I HAD REASONABLE CAUSE TO BE KIND OF DEPRESSED.

BUNK OF AMERICA



"ALL MESSED UP WITH NOPLACE TO GO"

ART+STORY ©1994 MOBY ALL RITES RESERVED

YES, DEAR READER, YOUR HUMBLE NARRATOR
SAW A WHOLE LOTTA NOTHIN' GOIN' ON!



I WAS A GHOST, AN INVISIBLE
ONE, A NON-
ENTITY,
SEEN
ONLY
BY
OTHER
INVISIBLE
ONES
....



WHICH SUCKED,
BECAUSE I WAS
SCARED OF
EVERYBODY!

SOME WITH
GOOD REASON



BOUSTINGS BY
THE MAN KEPT
SLEEP-FREE



WHILE I WAS
STILL NOT
PATHETIC
ENOUGH FOR
FOOD STAMPS...

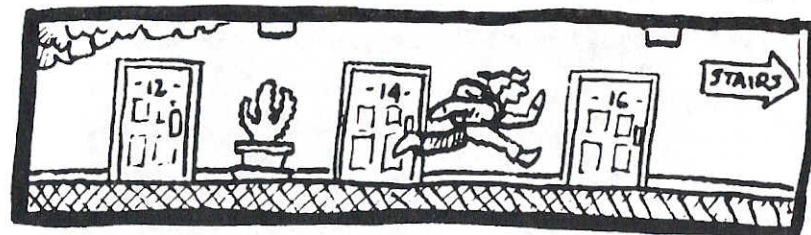


SO I BECAME THE
WORLD'S SHITTIEST
PANHANDLER

YOU DONT HAVE ANY
SPARE CHANGE,
DO YOU?



IN THE HALLWAY I HEARD THE SMOKE ALARM
GO OFF AND PART OF THE 'OH SHIT' THAT FOLLOWED...



HITTING THE STREET I COULD HEAR FROM
UPSTAIRS "THIS IS YOUR FUCKING FAULT!"

AND "DONT PUT IT OUT
WITH WHISKEY, YA
DUMB BITCH!"

I WAS GLAD
TRUE LOVE. TO BE OUT
OF THERE...



BACK ON THE
STREET WITH NO PLACE
TO STAY.

JUST THEN I
REMEMBERED...



MY SHOES
WERE ON THE
FIRE
ESCAPE...





I HAD TO ACT! BUT WHAT'S A MOBY TO DO TO PART TWO PREDATORS IN A BATTLE THAT COULD BECOME A TRIPLE HOMI-CIDE?



I DID THE ONLY THING A SANE AND RESPONSIBLE PERSON COULD DO...

I SET FIRE TO THE COFFEE TABLE.

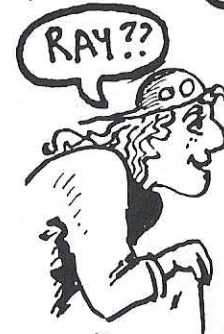


I HATED TO RUN, BUT I LOVE TO FLEE AND ESCAPE WAS ALL I WANTED THEN; JUST TO GET AWAY.

I FOUND MYSELF NO LONGER FEELING RESENTFUL OF MEL FOR PLACING MY BACKPACK SO CLOSE TO THE DOOR.



I WAS FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF, A SKILL THAT TAKES YEARS OF PRACTICE TO DEVELOP, WHEN SUDDENLY...



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! RADICAL RAY, MY OLD PROTEST PAL FROM THE BUSH ERA!

HE REMINDED ME OF HOW I HAD BEEN BACK THEN - STRONG CHEERFULL

...WELL FED...



LEMME TELL YA, MOBY, OH YOUNG COCK-AH'M ON TOP'A THE WORLD!

How you doin'?

NEVER ONE TO DENY ANYBODY A TALE OF HUMAN SUFFERING, I TOLD HIM. TO WHICH HE REPLIED:

BUMMER. WANNA GIT HIGH?

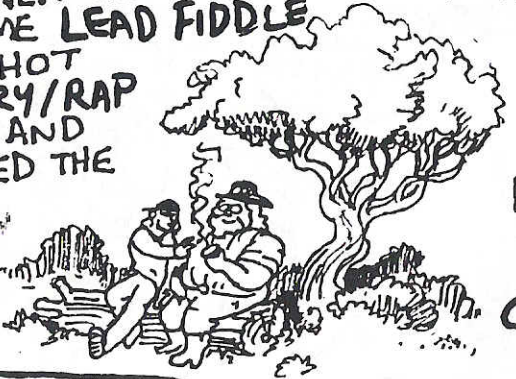


IT WAS GREAT SEEING RAY AGAIN.



WE SAT IN AN UN-OCCUPIED ZONE OF PEOPLE'S PARK, SMOKING A BOWL OF THE BEST WEED I'D EVER TASTED AND RAY TOLD ME HOW HE'D BECOME LEAD FIDDLE

FOR A HOT COUNTRY/RAP GROUP AND MARRIED THE GIRL OF HIS DREAMS.



HE WAS ON TOP, ALL RIGHT.

HE'D EVEN MET HIS CHILDHOOD IDOL, CHARLIE DANIELS.

FUCKIN' A, RAY, YOU SEEM TWICE THE MAN YOU WERE BACK IN THE DAY!

WHAT CAN AH TELL YA, LIL' BUDDY?

AH I'M STRONG, CHEERFULL...

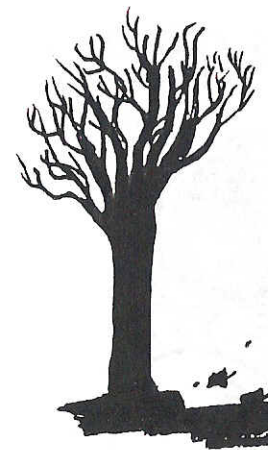
..WELL FED

WHAT'D I TELL YOU?



SOON, THE MUNCHIES SET IN...

HOW'D YA LIKE A HOME-COOKED MEAL?

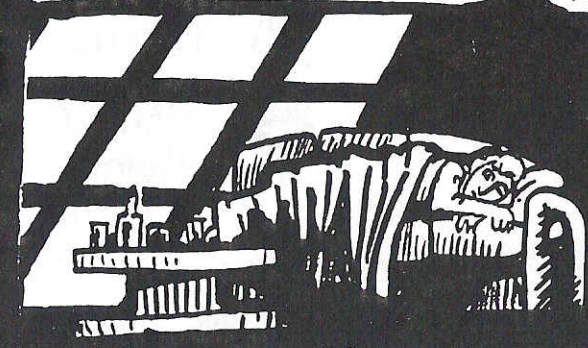


YEAH, IT WAS GREAT SEEING RAY AGAIN!!

4 A.M... I AWOKE TO THE ERUPTION...

OH, WHO ARE YOU FUCKIN' THIS TIME, YOU BITCH?

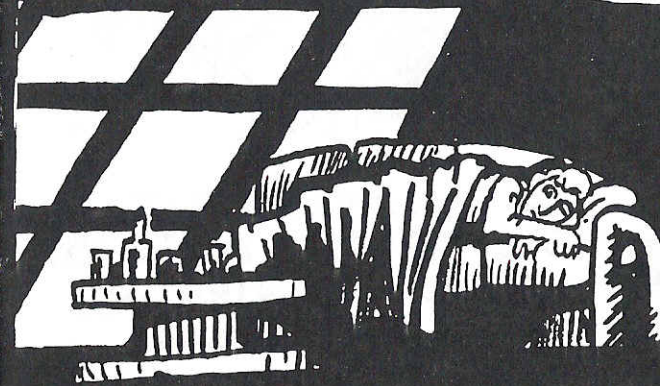
KISS OFF, FATSO! YOU DISGUST ME, YOU KNOW THAT?



THE CORK WAS POPPING. SHE HAD HAD ENOUGH AND HE DIDN'T LIKE THE SOUND OF IT.

YER ALWAYS SO NICE TA MY FACE--BUT DEEP DOWN YA JUST WANNA CUT MY FUCKIN' HEART OUT, HUH?!

CUT IT OUT AND EAT IT BABY--YOU BETCHA! WHY YOU THINK I GOT... MFF... THIS??



OH SHIT SHE'S GOT A KNIFE OR MAYBE HIS GUN!

YOU AINT GOT THE BALLS IT TAKES TO USE THAT, MEL!!

I'LL QUOTE YOU AT YOUR FUNERAL, YOU FAT FUCK! AUKK!!



DOUBLE HOMICIDE IN PROGRESS, MOBY!! OR A TRIPLE IF SHE MENTIONS OUR LITTLE, MANLY MACHINATION!

BUT.. BUT... MEL'S DEVOTED TO YOU, BROTHER!

NO, MOBY, AH KIN **FEEL** IT.
THIS MORNIN' AH COULD
SMELL HIM ON HER!!

MAYBE
IT'S
JUST
B.O.!

AH MEMORIZED
HIS SCENT, MOBY.
AH KNOW HIS
SMELL!!

Do you know
WHAT AH'm
SAYIN'
MOBES?

YOU... KNOW
WHAT HE...
SMELLS LIKE?

'ZAC'LY,
AN' WHEN AH
SMELL HIM
AGIN..

AH'M
GONNA
KILL HIM!!

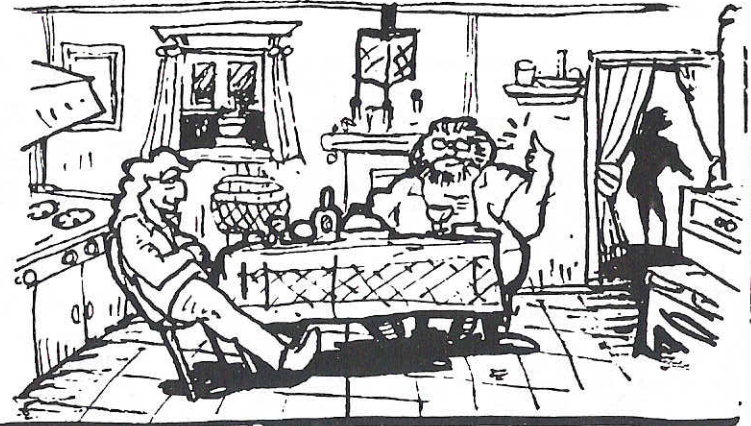
WHOEVER
HE IS, AH'LL
SMOOSH
HIM
GOOD!!

I WAS **RELIEVED**
THAT HE DIDN'T
KNOW IT
WAS **ME**

AND I WAS
TERRIFIED
THAT
HE WOULD
FIND
OUT

SOON....

RAY'S FORTRESS OF THE SOUTHSIDE TOLD A
TALE OF TASTEFUL DECADENCE FROM A
BYGONE ERA...



AND MELANIE, OR "MEL" WAS
INDEED THE WOMAN OF HIS
DREAMS. SHE WAS PRETTY,
PERSONABLE AND COOKED
THE BEST POT ROAST YOU'VE
EVER TASTED!

BEST OF ALL, THEY WERE IN
LOVE THE OPEN DISPLAYS
OF AFFECTION MADE ME
UNCOMFORTABLE THO...

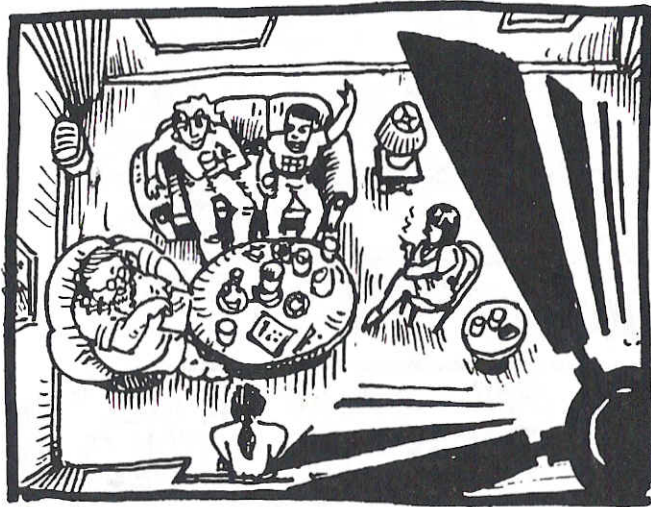
...COULD SUCK THE
CHROME OFF A
HITCH-POST!



DINNER TALK
WAS PRETTY
LAME. WE
WENT OVER
OLD TIMES,
MARCHES
MARTYRS AND
MURDERS
JUST LIKE T.V.



AND, LATER, INTO THE WEE HOURS (SO NAMED BECAUSE PEOPLE YELL "WHEE!") CAMMIE AND GEO- RGIO CAME OVER TO BUY AN EIGHTH FROM RAY.



IT TURNED INTO A LITTLE PARTY TILL DAWN, EVERY- BODY LAUGHING AND SINGING ALONG WITH THE RADIO.

THE CONVERSATION WAS LIVELEY AND OFFENSIVE..

"SO I SAID, 'IF YOUR DOG CAN DO THAT MARRY HIM!



COKE FRENZY.

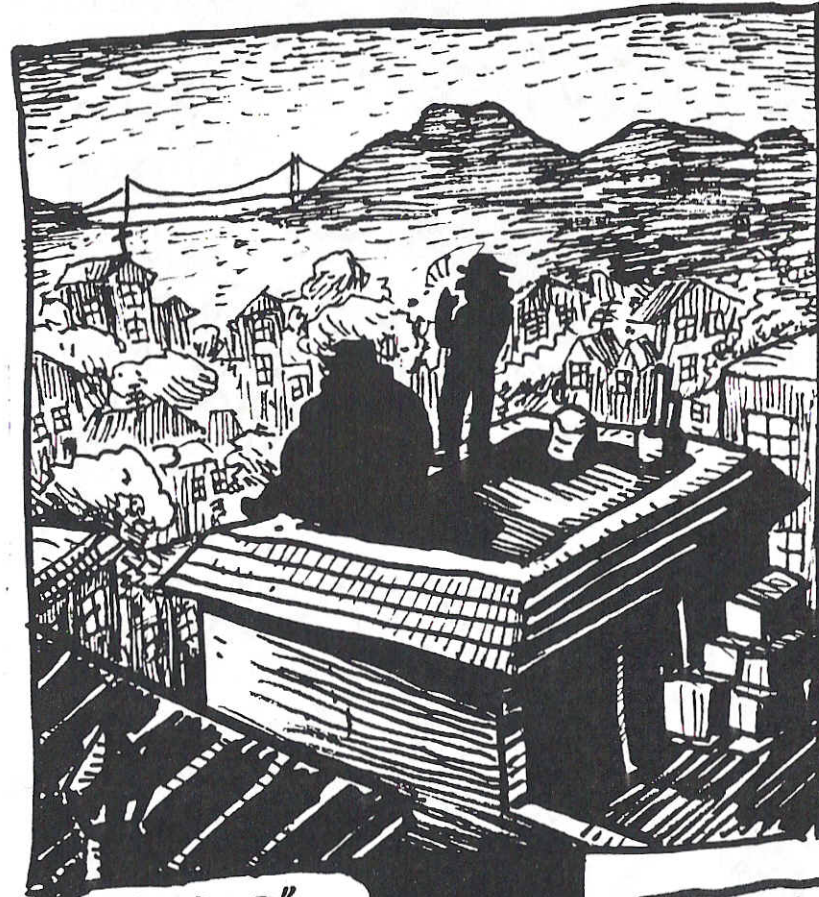


THEN RAY BECAME A KIND OF DARK SANTA...

Ho Ho Ho, WHO WANTS BLOW?



FROM THE BERKELEY HILLS THE SUNSET IS THE MOST CERTAIN PROOF OF GOD. FEW OTHER SIGHTS COULD PROVOKE THE OPENNESS RAY SHARED THEN WITH ME - AND MEL'S ABSENCE.



"MOBY..."

"YEAH?"
FLICK!
FFFFPP!

"MOBY..
AH'm
A
FRAUD!

"mmm.
AFRAID
OF
WHAT?

NOT "AFRAID" - -
A FRAUD; A FAKE,
A PHONEY...



MAH LIFE
AINT
IDEAL,
BUD...

Y'SEE, AH AINT HAD
A GIG IN MONTHS...

AH'm FIGHTIN
LUNG CANCER

AN' WORST
OF ALL...

MEL'S
HAVIN'
AH AFFAIR!

UH OH.

BUT THEN AGAIN, I'M NOT A GENTLEMAN.
WE FUCKED LIKE MONKEYS!! JUST WHEN
I THOUGHT I COULDN'T
GO ON...

WELL,
SHE WAS
PERSUASIVE.
i'm a
happy man.

I'D SMOKED RAY'S
DOPE, DRANK HIS
BOOZE, EATEN HIS
FOOD SLEPT IN
HIS HOUSE AND
FUCKED HIS
WIFE...
i'm a bad man.

MOBY, I WANT TO SPEND FOREVER
IN YOUR ARMS i'm a lucky man.

OF COURSE I'LL HAVE TO
TELL RAY ABOUT US

WE HAVE
NO SECRETS

i'm a
dead man

A
BLOODY
PULP
of a
man...



SIX HALF-HOURS LATER THE COMBINATION
OF BOOZE, DOPE, COKE, NITRUS, TOMATO
JUICE WITH GARLIC AND TYLENOL HIT US
ALL.

ONLY
MEL,
WHO HAD
ABSTAINED
WAS
FREE OF
THE
SPELL.



BUT THEN...
RAY...

WOKE...

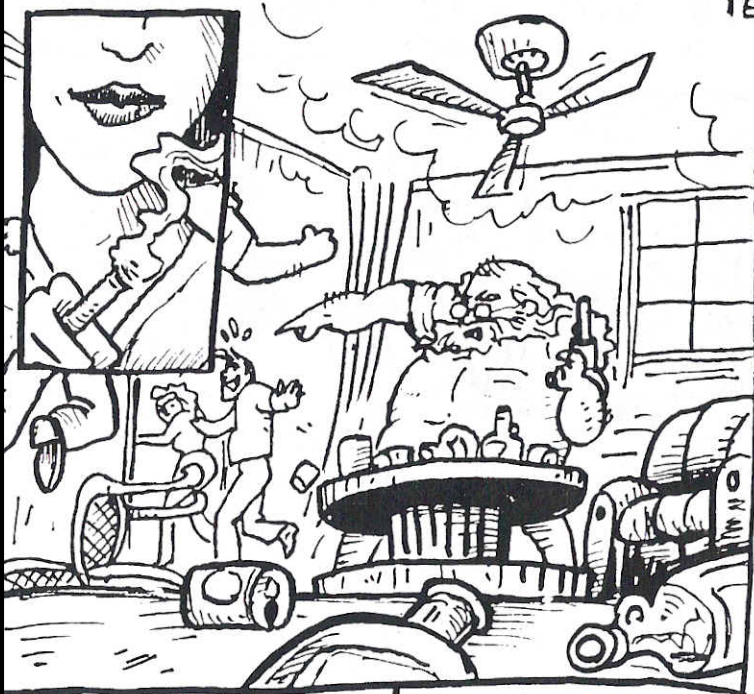
UP!



AWRIGHT, YA MUTHA' FUKKAS...

...GET THE
FUCK
OUT!!!





RAY WAS AS
TERRIBLE AS
ZEUS
HURLING
LIGHTNING;
A TOTALLY
WASTED,
HEAVILY-
ARMED
MOSES
POINTING
THE WAY
TO THE
PROMISED
LAND...



NOT SO FAST
MOBY...



YER STAYIN'
HERE
TONITE!

GREAT!

I GOT ZERO SLEEP.



3:AM... I AWOKE TO A VISION...

I DIDNT MEAN TO
DISTURB YOU.



NO, I'VE
BEEN DISTURBED
FOR
YEARS.

YOU'RE FUNNY.

I WAS WATCHING
YOU SLEEP.



RAY'S
A VERY
SOUND
SLEEPER

MIND
IF I
JOIN
YOU?

HALF A SECOND LATER..

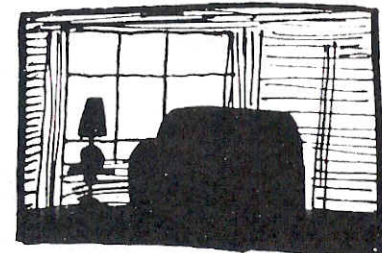
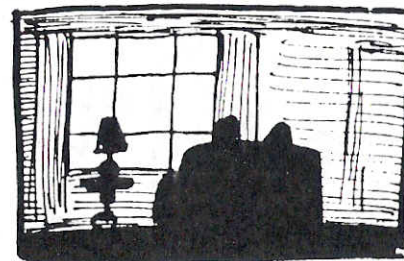
RAY SAYS YOU'RE
AN ARTIST.

YEAH, BUT ENUF
ABOUT ME...

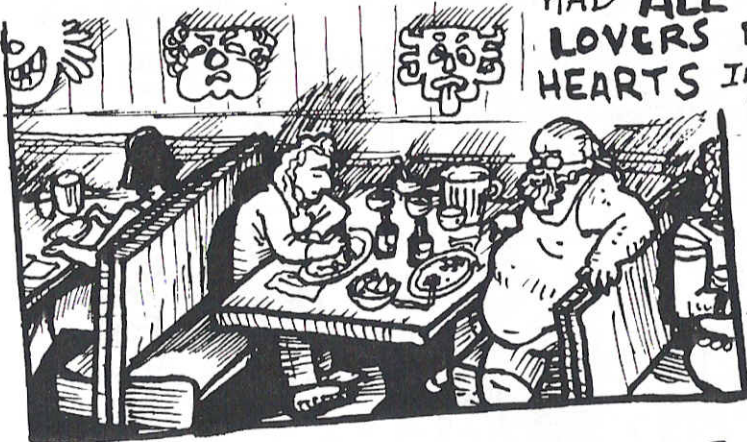


MEL TOLD
ME HER STORY OF
THE PHILIPPEANS,
OF RACISM,
MALE
DOMINATION
AND RELIGION
OPPRESSION
I WAS TORN
BETWEEN SYM
PATHY AND LUST

OF COURSE, A GENTLEMAN NEVER TALKS ABOUT IT.



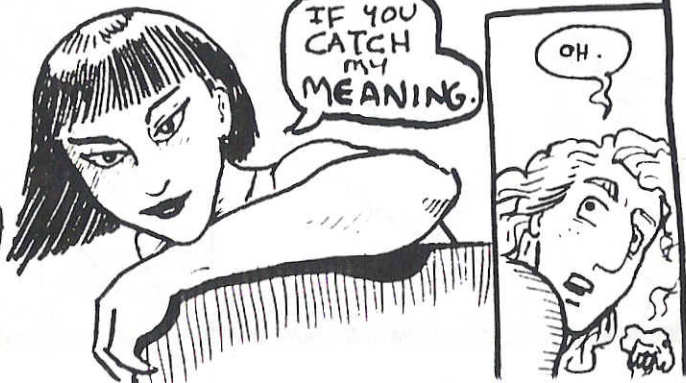
THE FOOD WAS TOO DELICIOUS FOR ANY MOOD,
TO DISTRACT FROM, BUT I WAS DEMOLISHED!!
HAD ALL THE REAL
LOVERS PUT THEIR
HEARTS IN THE
FRIDGE?
RAY 'SCUSED
HIMSELF
TO "DRAIN
THE
LIZARD"
I SULKED.



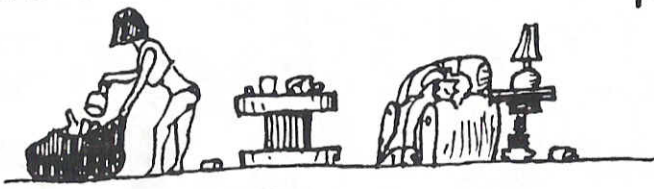
THEN, AFTER DAYS OF UTTER SILENCE..
MEL SPOKE TO ME.
YOU ARE DISSAPPOINTED IN RAY.
HE DOESNT HAVE YOUR
GENTLENESS; YOUR
COMPASSION...
OH.
UM.
THANKS?



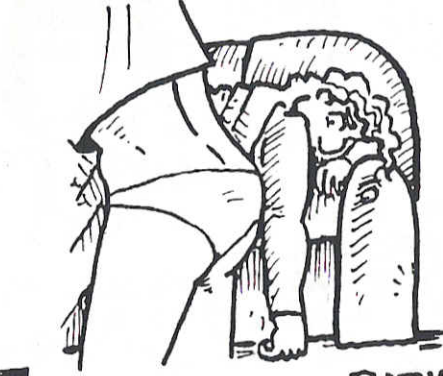
AMIDST
ALL THAT,
MOBY...
HE DOES'NT
SATISFY
ME.
IF YOU
CATCH
MY
MEANING.
OH.



I AWOKED AROUND NOON TO THE CLINKING OF
BOTTLES AND CANS BEING ROUNDED UP BY
MEL.



MEL HAD A NATURAL
GRACE AND CHARM... AND AN...
OPENNESS
OH,
THAT
VISION
OF THE
PACIFIC
THAT IS
MEL
CLEANING
UP AFTER
US PIGS!
I WOULD HOG THE BATHROOM
THAT
DAY.



SHE SMILED SILENTLY
YET I
SENSED
HOSTILITY...
LITTLE THINGS
LIKE MY SHOES
BEING PUT ON
THE FIRE
ESCAPE
...
AND MY BACKPACK
KEPT GETTING PUT
REAL CLOSE TO
THE FRONT DOOR...



AFTER THREE TRIPLE CAPS AT LE'CLICHE' WE SAUNTERED ONTO CAMPUS TO HECKEL THE PREACHERS



MEL WAS IMPASSIVE.



RAY WAS X-MAS, NEW YEARS AND ST. PATRICK'S DAY ROLLED INTO ONE (THERE WAS ROOM IN THERE!). HE WANTED TO SHOW ME A REAL GOOD TIME HE WAS SKIPPER TO MY GILLIGAN



AH, BUT THE SKIPPER ALWAYS BLEW UP + SMACKED HIS 'LIL' BUDDY". WHEN WOULD FUN RAY BECOME LOADED GUN RAY?



AND WHY WAS MEL KEEPING SUCH A DISCREET DISTANCE?

RAY WAS AN ACCOMPLISHED BIG-SPENDER, A CONTRAST TO THE BROKE HIPPIE I'D KNOWN. STILL, NOSTALGIA BROUGHT US TO THE BEST AND THE CHEAPEST--MARIA'S LA FIASCO!!



IT WAS JUST LIKE THE OLD DAYS FOR ABOUT TWELVE AND A HALF SECONDS.

THEN THE BERKELEY BUBBLE POPPED...

